PARSON DUCKWORTH'S HORSE DICKER.

It Results in a Suit in Which He is Loyally Backed Up by His Flock.

From the Chicago Herald.

RACINE, Wis., April 16.—Situated fifteen miles west of this city is the little village of Union Grove. It contains about 800 inhabitants, composed of all sorts of people, the majority being of the church-going kind. Still there are some who love a fast horse, and a mile west of the town is a fine half-mile track, where the owners of fast nags frequently congregate and wager their rolls on the merits of the steeds. Many an exciting trot has been witnessed on a week day, and often on a Sunday morning the boys have sneaked away from church and hied themselves to the race track, where high carnival would reign for a few hours. But who can blame the boys when the leading village parson was a great lover of horseflesh and often was seen on the road bowling the miles over a fast pacer?

This genial man was the Rev. Duckworth, pastor of the First Methodist Church, whose flock was the largest and embraced the most prominent and influential people in the old town. Bedecked often and well had he to do, having all to do except the work herself, he gave some time and attention to horses. Among his string he had a fleet-footed colt that was handy with his hind legs. The colt's antics tended to disturb connected the logical thought, and so the preacher employed a professional horse trainer to show the colt how to unload the vicious kick upon somebody. This horse jockey soon found a man named Lathemer of Milwaukee, who had a fine looking mare that had been driven upon the pavements until her feet became diseased. Lathemer was easily auctioned to unload. This was a snap for the jockey, and he soon brought about a trade of horses, and the next Sunday Preacher Duckworth was driving a star-gazer to the church whose stately carriage excited the envy and wonder of his flock.

The following week there appeared in the quiet village a Chicago man in search of a horse. This gentleman was Dr. W. C. Clarke, a prominent physician of the West Side. No sooner had he struck the town than Elder Duckworth's persistent agent began to relate the majestic appearance of the preacher's steed. As the doctor knew nothing about a horse himself, he naturally grew enthusiastic over these glowing descriptions. He hung at the preacher out and there in the sacred precincts of the elder's study he was assured that the mare was seven years old and sound, except, as the divine declared, with a knowing look of a connoisseur, that she was "a little over on one knee." It struck the doctor that the older must be an honest man when he was willing to make such a confession concerning a favorite beast, and forthwith he paid the elder the price, which was the modest sum of $225. This all happened in the month of April, 1889.

Next day after the trade Dr. Clarke had the mare taken to Chicago, and presently discovered the awful truth that he had been done up, victimized, swindled in the horse trade, and that, too, by a country preacher or clerical horse trader, and that the mare was practically useless, having broken down on the road. Dr. Clarke never had the pleasure of pulling a rein over his new horse, and as soon as the beast was able he sent her back to Union Grove, during the interval the parson got his tendrils into the doctor, and he was forced to hire a lawyer to make amends. All efforts at settlement failed, and Clarke, as a last resort, summoned the elder to appear before a jury of his countrymen to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, or, in other words, to fork over the money received for the ruined Lathemer. The suit was commenced in the Circuit Court before Judge Winslow two days ago, and created great interest. Prominent legal talent was engaged. Senator J. A. Mitchell appeared for the beaver, and J. V. Quarles for the defendant. Many witnesses were summoned from the Grove, and half the male population came to town and crowded into the court room, and among them was a fair sprinkling of the fair sex. They all seemed to have with them the pastor in his tribulations, and they looked upon Clarke as a sinner for presuming to assail the minister in the courts.

Dr. A. L. Buchan, a leading physician of the Grove and a friend of the pastor, was forced to testify that the reverend gentleman did warrant the horse as sound. Dr. Clarke, Dr. Cohn of Chicago, testified the horse was stifling at the mare was worthless when he was called to consider the sight she arrived in Chicago. Three other veterinary surgeons corroborated his statements as to the diseased condition of the mare's hoofs. The Rev. Mr. Duckworth testified that the man seen by Dr. Clarke for the horse was drunk, but it was proved by other evidence that the man had partaken of only one glass of beer and a sandwich; for the keen sense of smell and the well-trained nostrils of the Prohibitionist made it a plain case of drunk. Five or six witnesses testified that the mare appeared all right to them when they saw her. All through the testimony was interesting, and tended to show that the members of the parson's flock were in favor of fast horses, horse trading, and "doing up" when you get a chance, and this person was with them head over heels. In his closing plea the attorney hit the nail on the head when he said: "This fable teaches that the minister who would avoid the vulgar annoyance of petty lawsuits should leave to his attorney or the Lord and let jockeys deal in fast horses."

To-morrow morning the Court charges the jury, and it is expected that the village of Union Grove will have a holiday, so that the whole population can avail themselves of an opportunity to come in and hear the result of the celebrated "hoss trade" of Parson Duckworth.

INCRIMINATING POTHOOKS.

Mrs. Roller Kept a Diary Which a Shorthand Sharp Read to Mr. Roller.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Some time ago Mr. P. P. Roller, General Northwestern Agent of the Home Insurance Company, was sued for divorce. It is now claimed that since Mrs. Roller started that suit against her husband the latter has made some exceedingly interesting discoveries, and that upon them he will base a counter suit against his wife. Mrs. Roller is a bright young woman, apparently about 30 years of age, is well educated, rather pretty, and a pleasant conversationalist. She is a stenographer, and it was this accomplishment which, it is said, led her into her troubles, and may lead her into some very interesting reading in court.

The woman employed her shorthand family very indiscreetly. She made a record of daily occurrences, and freely used the names of male and female companions. As a general thing she used only the given names of these friends, or more especially of her male friends. This tell-tale diary was found by Mr. Roller some time after he had left his wife to her own devices, and about the time Mrs. Roller started for Europe. The book happened to be left behind after Mrs. Roller had moved away. In packing up her clients Mrs. Roller inadvertently left on the troublesome diary, and her husband found it. At first he regarded it as a special misfortune, but a person versed in stenography happened to get hold of the book, and then Mr. Roller was apprised of the contents.

The most interesting passages are for the month of January, 1888. The writer of the notes frequently expresses confusion to the love she had for a certain well-known young married man of Minneapolis. The woman's husband was on the road traveling most of the time, and Mrs. Roller had plenty of time to choose her company, attend the opera, &c. Mrs. Roller tells in her diary of frequently meeting the married man of going to the theatre with him. She speaks of the intense and dangerous love she has for this man whom she generally calls "Frank." Something which the diary does not reveal finally creates a slight breach between the two foregoing mentioned lovers, and a little later Mrs. Roller speaks pleasantly of another gentleman, finally "Frank" is no more—at least his name has no place in the diary. The other names used in Mrs. Roller would be recognized as belonging to prominent gentlemen.

The diary was shipped to a lawyer, and the contents of his wife's diary have been transcribed, and are now in typewritten form. Mr. Roller discovered the picture of one of his wife's lady acquaintances pasted inside her good water. He asked for an explanation. Mrs. Roller's husband, he claimed, insisted on knowing who was the original of the likeness. She said she loved it, and simply put it in her watch "as a matter."

Trapping Disease Germs in Horse Cars.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Conductors of street cars that run within easy walking distance of the University of Pennsylvania have had their curiosity aroused of late by the appearance of a gentleman evidently a professional man, who asked them such questions as these:

"Have you found any passenger who seemed to be consumptive to inquire," or "Have any diseased persons been expectorating freely during your last trip?" The investigator always appeared in the cars at stated times, such as 8 o'clock, for cars going west, and, besides asking questions, would place the car holding a little copper tube to various parts of the floor and cushions, at the same time sounding a little rubber wind puff.

The instrument used is an ingenious germ collector, which has been constructed by Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Professor of Hygiene at the university, to gather materials for his laboratory experiments, but will be of value to the public as well as the scientific world.

The instrument consists of a metal tube, which is closed at the top, but is open at the bottom. In a side of the tube, perforated with a certain number of holes, through which the air can blow, is this latter tube arranged a number of little saucers just beneath the holes, and on them is placed a little gelatine, which will be one instrumental if air containing germs be blown in it. When the tubes and saucers have been put in place the instrument (open at the bottom) is placed on the floor of a room or a car, the rubber puff is squeezed and the air and floor dust is blown up into the instrument, and going through the holes comes in contact with the plates. The rest of the investigation is a matter of laboratory work.

Dr. Dixon discovered among the first germs found on the saucers the deadly tubercle bacillus, or germ of consumption. The Doctor does not want to lose as an alarmist, but he is convinced the cars should be kept in better condition in the interest of public health.

ELECTROPLATE FOR THE DEAD.

A Substitute for Embalming that is Said to be Entirely Feasible.

From the Globe-Democrat.

A silver plater named Samuel Downing, doing business on Olive street, several years ago began a series of experiments in the line of his trade which were highly successful and have opened up a most astounding possibility—the embalming of the dead in casts of nickel, silver, or gold, according to the purses and artistic desires of the survivors of the deceased.

Mr. Downing may have heard of the Madagascar monarch who, desirous of making an impression upon a British Ambassador, appeared on the day of the royal audience resplendent in a close-fitting suit of gold dust on a foundation of palm oil. The magnificence of this monarch was, however, fatal and he fell a victim to his ambition to appear before the representative of her Majesty in a state of uncommon splendor. The coating of gold dust stood the tropical sun, and the applications of heat of which it takes in the gas of the embalming room, but the dissolver which speedily ended the unfortunate Malagasy did not affect the silver-plated corpse. He was buried in the deepest sand of the desert. Ten years later the body was taken from its tomb to be placed in more imposing surroundings, when, to the surprise of the train which had come to remove the royal remains, the body was found to be intact, a golden statue.

This incident may have suggested to Mr. Downing the experiments which he undertook. For many years silver could only be electroplated on a copper surface. Then some one discovered that a surface of plumbago, which is readily applied to anything, would take on the electroplate. The Olive street plater, with this suggestion in mind, soon discovered a way of silver plating the head of a cane direct on the wood.

One day about three years ago he took a fresh egg, and, after proper preparation, threw it into the silver bath, and turned on the battery. The result was what appeared to be a delicate work of art—a silver egg, which, under a strong glass, showed all the minute pores of the shell. The egg was exhibited for over a year, and not one person in a hundred would believe that it was anything but a cunning specimen of the silversmith's art. To settle a discussion which ran high one day, Mr. Downing cracked a sharp, heavy knife, cut the silver egg in twain, and it was found to be as fresh and sweet as the day it was electroplated. The egg had been hermetically sealed.

The next experiment of note was the plating of a chunk of cheese. The difficulties of the only surface yielded readily to the process, and the piece of cheese was kept wholesome for a year, when it was cut to satisfy a doubter of the chemical nature of the process.

A roast of beef, from which the blood had been allowed to drain, peaches, bananas, a bunch of grapes, and other perishable articles were then successfully experimented on.

In some manner a rumor got out among the silver platers' friends that he was engaged in some experiments to the end of introducing the process in the embalming of the dead. Some excitement was created in the vicinity of his residence on account of these rumors. It is but justice to the gentleman to say that he has never experimented upon a cadaver. Discussing the matter yesterday, he said:

"The rumor was absurd, and caused me much annoyance at the time. Such a method of embalming would never become popular on the score of expense alone. It is perfectly feasible, and would be an improvement upon any modern plan of embalming. The body would have to be prepared in the usual manner, for the removal of the viscera and the substitution of the blood in the veins of some preservative liquid such as is used now. Thus prepared the body could be placed in the nickel, silver or gold bath and treated as any other article that is to be electroplated. The result would be a perfect casting of nickel, silver or gold that would hermetically seal the pores of the body, and it would keep for ages. My friends often twit me about this matter, and get off little jokes about the grief of the relatives or survivors being measured by the thickness and grandeur of the metal employed. An ancestor who died leaving one a small fortune would be entitled to a quadruple gold plate, or at least a triple silver plate. Men of means would provide in their wills for the use of plating. They may indulge in little pleasantries about getting up the silver-plated ancestors on pedestals on a sort of family gallery of statuary. But all this sort of stuff has ceased to amuse me. I do not suppose that any one will enter upon this plan of embalming, unless it be some crank, who leaves directions to be so treated, but it would likely fill the bill. It could be done, however, but I would have nothing to do with such a job."

MARRIED AT THE COFFIN SIDE.

Afterward the Bridal Party Proceeded to the Funeral.

From the Globe-Democrat.

The marriage of Mr. John Fenton and Miss Clarissa A. Moore was solemnized last Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, under very peculiar and sad circumstances. Mrs. Moore, the mother of the bride, who had been ill for some time, died on Monday last, and was buried on the afternoon of the day on which the wedding took place. The bridal party attending the ceremony came from the house of mourning to be married, Rev. Charles Hyde, in the presence of the bride's dead mother.

Seven months ago Miss Moore and her mother met Mr. Fenton for the first time. Both mother and daughter were very favorably impressed with the young gentleman, and it was but a short time before an intimacy sprang up between the young people which culminated in their engagement and marriage. Miss Moore, who possesses rare beauty and intelligence, had several admirers, but among them all Mr. Fenton was the favored one by both mother and daughter. Shortly after the engagement Mrs. Moore was taken very ill and confined to her bed. During her long and painful illness she was the object of her daughter's tenderness and solicitude. The invalid felt that she would never recover, insisted upon the marriage of her daughter taking place before her death, which she felt would soon occur. The daughter endeavored to comfort the sufferer with the hope that she would soon grow strong and then she promised her the marriage would take place. The invalid rapidly grew weaker, and it was finally believed the truth was forced upon the daughter and she realized that better grief was in store for her. For eight long days the distracted daughter watched constantly beside the bed of her dying mother, who was unconscious most of the time. While life was ebbing away Clarissa held one of the wasted hands in hers, and just before she died the invalid turned to the minister and, speaking to her daughter, and whispered almost inaudibly: "Church," at the same time pointing toward the church where it was originally intended that the marriage ceremony should take place.

Mrs. Fenton said that when these words were uttered she knew what the invalid asked for.

"Mother, is it your wish that I should be married at once?"

The mother replied in a whisper, "Yes."

"This was the last word that mother utered," said Mrs. Fenton. "She sank back on her pillow, and, with the expression of sweet repose upon her face, she drew her last breath. I informed Mr. Fenton as soon as possible of mother's dying request, and it was decided to have the ceremony performed on the day of her funeral, which was last Thursday. We were married in the parlor, and joined hands over my mother's coffin. I placed my bridal wreath of lilies of the valley upon the brow of my mother in the presence of about fifty dear relatives and friends. In about three hours after our marriage was solemnized we attended the funeral of my dear, dear mother, and accompanied the remains to the resting place."

The bride is an exceptionally handsome young lady of 19. The groom is said to be the son of very wealthy English parents. His father, it is claimed, owns large estates in both England and America, and is at present residing in London, to which place he was a very valuable estate of 2,000 acres. Mrs. Fenton says that she and her husband will make their future home in Iowa, as Col. Fenton, the father of her husband, is desirous of returning to England and has expressed it as his wish that his son shall take charge and look after his interests in this country.

The Minister Faced the Dancers Down.

From the Glasgow Mail.

Toward the close of a conversazione of the members and friends of Govanhill (Glasgow) Established Church, held for the purpose of celebrating the extinction of the church debt, the Rev. John Muir, the pastor, rose in a state of excitement. He made reference to the fact that a rumor had got abroad during last week that a dance would take place at the close of this conversazione, but he, having discovered that such was really being arranged, had taken steps to prevent it, and on Sabbath last intimated from the pulpit at both diets that no dance would take place. Notwithstanding all this, he was informed now that the hall had been taken from 11 till 3 in the morning and a dance arranged for. He held that the hall was in possession of the Govanhill Church Conversazione Committee, and stated that he would not allow such to take place, and he called upon them, in the name of God, to refrain from carrying any such iniquitous into practice. Should any one persist he would denounce them publicly.

The minister, after having declared his determination to stand there till the gas was screwed off at two o'clock, in the morning, if necessary, and protest against such violation of church laws, stood erect on the platform, surrounded by many of his elders and managers, while on the floor of the hall the crowd undecidedly waited to see the result. Knots gathered, and opinions for and against the minister were freely expressed. Ladies and gentlemen with slippers in hand were anxious to get started to the dance. The M. C. walked about impatiently awaiting instructions from those who authorized his presence, the orchestra were ready to begin, but the minister was immovable. Ultimately, about half-past eleven o'clock, the dance party organizers gave way to the minister, and the dance was postponed till some other evening. This was intimated to the minister, and slowly the gathering dispersed and the gas was turned off.

THE LONDON PAVEMENT.

Perhaps New Yorkers May Find Some Consolation Here.

From the London Saturday Review.

There is one thing, and one only, proved beyond all dispute by the copious correspondence on the paving of London town. It is that every kind of pavement used is bad in the opinion of some, and has, indeed, vices not to be denied by the most friendly judge. Granite cubes, which had the name of paving all to themselves at one time, are excellent in their way; but they are undeniably and horribly noisy.

It is hard to say whether continuous traffic or the occasional tradesman's cart gets the most insufferable din out of them. Continuous traffic produces a continuous roar, in which you cannot hear yourself, or, what is less important, other people speak. On the other hand, the clear tradesman's cart or hansom on a granite paving is excruciating. No amount of exercise can harden a man to the rattle bearing the surrounding quiet, or enable him to hear without unmanly the dreadful shock produced by a sudden change from macadam to granite pavement. Sleep, if he can, perhaps he may and may not succeed in driving on; but it undeniably has the great fault of being insufferably dusty in hot weather. As for its hardness, of which many complain, we deny at once that it is as bad as wood. It is, however, hardly worth while to discuss the respective merits of these two methods. They are both fallen into great unpopularity, and the choice is supposed to lie between asphalt and wood. Nobody has a word to say for iron, which was once tried on a small piece of King street, Westminster. The experiment was a rare thing of its kind, for it was sufficient. Nobody who can remember what that iron pavement became in muddy weather has any wish to see any more of it.

As for asphalt and wood, concerning which there is so lively a battle, there is a great deal to be said, and a great deal is said on both sides. Asphalt is excellent when it is new, when it is good, when it has been well laid down, when it is quite dry or quite wet, in this ideal state it is smooth, wheels go easily over it, the hoofs of the hansom horse drawing the well-hung hansom at a smart trot go briskly over it with an exhilarating tip-toe. But then it has to be very good and well laid, otherwise it blisters, makes bumps, cracks, and becomes detestable. However good it may be, it is odious when it is greasy; that is, when it is just going to be made wet or is just beginning to get dry. Then it becomes an abomination to all who own horses or have to drive them, or regard them with common humanity. Besides, it is unfriendly to the horse's shoes on his own legs. He tumbles and sprains his ankle or breaks his bones. Added to this, there is a particular form of light and easily distributed slush which collects on asphalt and is sent flying in a spray by the mere approach of a wheel.

There remains wood, which has many and fluent partisans. It has its merits, too. When it is fresh it is pleasant to drive over, smooth and silent; but it is a very bad pavement, all the same. When it is greasy it is no better, or even worse, than asphalt for man and horse. When it is dry it emits a nasty penetrating dust, not so easily covering as the dust which fly from macadam, but more treacherous, ruinous to the eyes, and offensive to the nose of man. Its mud is adhesive and utterly filthy. Besides, it is always getting out of order, and when it has formed holes it is as trying to drive over as the ruts of an ill country road. Its partisans, indeed, reply that it has never had a fair chance.

Sir Robert Rawlinson writes at imposing length to explain how it ought to be managed. We gather from him that the making of a decent wood pavement would be a species of artistic work. First, a most carefully prepared foundation, flat as a billiard table, on that nine or twelve inches of concrete, which must be left to dry during weeks; on that a veneer of blocks, all put on their ends, with the grain in the proper direction and locked in with felt. This water-tight basement should be. He does not add, but others do, that it will first be necessary to construct a subway to allow the gas and water pipes to be got at when they require mending, since it would be maddening to have his concrete and so forth broken. Even, however, when he has seen done the veneer will require continual replacing, which will do quite well enough to stop the traffic.

Of all the schemes proposed, we really think that Sir Robert Rawlinson's comes nearest to being a reasonable one. Let the roads be macadam, and asphalt can be laid down by a human contractor; but his roads would have to be made with the perfection of sewery, and that is a touch above most roadmakers, we have met. It would also be pleasing to learn what Sir Robert's roads and sewages would cost. There are in London three thousand miles of London street. On the whole, we are afraid there is nothing for it but to bear the ills we know of with philosophy.

HE SAW THOSE EYES.

The Brief Romance of a Gallant Barber of the Chicago Stock Yards.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Edward D. Bradley is a polite stock yards barber, and when William O'Day dropped into his shop on Forty-seventh street, near Centre avenue, Saturday night and told him that a young woman across the street wanted to see him, Bradley put the shutters up on the door, sheered away and locked up his shop. O'Day said the young woman was from Geneva Lake, and she had gazed upon the dazzling barber from a distance until her heart was fairly caught up with a longing to meet him. She was standing in the station house and was dressed in a cape, a shawl over her head and bradley came up.

"H'm, good evening, lady," said the barber.

"Good evening," said the girl.

"It is a bad night. Can I see you home?" said the polite barber.

"Why, you are kind," murmured the girl.

"Not at all," said the polite barber, and he took the young woman's arm and walked down Alley one street with her. The barber said nice things and the young woman hugged under her shawl. The barber asked her to be his wife, and she said she would. Then Bradley put his arm around her waist and kissed her. The young woman blushed under her shawl.

"Let me look into those eyes but once," pleaded the polite barber.

"All right," said the young woman from Geneva Lake. When they reached the corner of a dark alley she whipped off the shawl and displayed a gleaming revolver. She put it to his head, while three young men who had followed them went through the polite barber and gathered in his $45 gold watch and $18 in greenbacks and silver.

The barber struggled hard, and in the struggle he caught a glimpse of the young woman from Geneva Lake. The young woman had several lines of pearl and other masculine peculiarities which few young women who are not in the stock yards business, and who have pounced the polite barber in the jaw he knew he had been deceived.

After the young men and the young woman had escaped, the barber went to a police station and told his story. The police arrested James Morrisey and William Collins and Barney Wood. He says Barney Wood is the young woman from Geneva Lake, and Morrisey and O'Day are two of the three young men who helped her. Wood had Bradley's pocket pieces in his pocket when he was arrested.

"Say," said the polite barber yesterday, "if Mrs. Lanatry was to come down to the yards and say, 'Brad, I'm stuck; let's take a walk,' I'd say, 'Excuse me, ma'am; I have a hair cut and a shampoo here that needs teadin', and you'll have to let me out.'"

BEAUTY ON ALL FOURS.

An Interesting Wrinkle in Physical Culture as Practised at Home.

From Chatter.

The other day I accidentally ran across a member of the new school of physical culture women, whom I take to be the same women who recently made a man rich by letting him prescribe hot water by the quart three times a day as the great health drink and beautifier.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that there are ladies who will walk around and around their rooms on their hands and knees——"

"Hands and feet," she said, interrupting me; "on their four palms."

"They really are such persons?"

"I am one," said she.

"And are there ladies who lie on their backs and gesticulate with all their limbs, like an overturned beetle endeavoring to right himself?"

"Yes, yes," she said; "and it is most beneficial. You don't know how beneficial it is."

"Will you kindly tell me here your sense of humor is when you are engaged in these most peculiar performances?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "I think it must be wherever it belongs. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, picturing in silence to myself the utter impossibility of my locking my chamber door and transforming myself into a circus of such dimensions. Breaking the silence, I asked: "And do you go up and down stairs on all fours, as some do?"

"Oh, no," she replied with a sigh. "It is impossible for most people to do so. Our upper eyes when I began to pop. Funniest thing I ever saw."

The Indian raced at the old scout for a few moments, but his hands to his forehand as if in deep thought, then closed his eyes and died."

Made Money by Heeding a Presentiment.

From the Boston Times.

Not long ago a Boston man received a large sum of money as treasurer of an organization too late for a deposit, so he took it home with him to his suburban residence. It worried him, this money. It was a heavy load and he did not understand. He kept thinking, "Am I going to lose this money which does not belong to me?" So strong was this feeling that he could not get to sleep. Yet he was ashamed of himself.

Saying nothing to his wife he got up, took the money from his coat pocket, put it in his stocking and threw it under the bed. In the morning his wife said to him in a joking way, "I wonder what condition you were in when you came to bed last night? There's your coat on the floor, your vest is out in the hall, and your trousers are across the doorsill." Being a man of steady habits it did look suspicious. It did not take him long, however, to discover that burglars had been through the house, and his own money and watch taken.

But the stocking under the bed was safe.

FREAK MARRIAGE FAILS.

Unhappiness Follows a County Fair Wedding of Strangers.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MOBERLY, Mo., April 4.—Lawrence Murry, a coal miner of Randolph county, and Hattie Clark, a school teacher of Hutchinson, Kan., who were married at the county fair in this city last August, before 6,000 people, the attraction being of such a nature that it drew the largest crowd ever assembled on any one day at the Randolph County Fair, are about to be legally separated.

Just one week from the time they were married Hattie Murry left on very urgent business for Hutchinson, where she said she had an estate, which would be settled immediately after her return there. She promised to return with money enough to set them up in business, the Fair Association and several business men of the city having already presented the newly wedded couple with a complete set of furniture and considerable provisions to start them on the way of married felicity in a most substantial manner. Two weeks had elapsed when Lawrence received a lengthy letter from Hattie, stating that she had arrived safely, and expressing a fond desire to return as soon as matters there could be righted. She cautioned him not to mention the wedding in his letters to her, and above all things to address all communications to Miss Hattie Clark, for if her guardian found out that she had changed her name the money she was to get from the estate would be kept from her, and the object of her errand there would be of no avail.

Time passed on, and no more word came from the dashing young school teacher from Kansas until a few days ago, and that came in response to a message of inquiry written by the husband to prominent parties in Hutchinson, asking them of her whereabouts, and if she was held there by her friends. The reply came to Lawrence that his wife had denied all knowledge of the wedding, and that shortly after her arrival in Hutchinson from Moberly she began to spend her money lavishly on herself, purchasing silks and satins and becoming one of the most fashionable young school teachers in that whole country. When her money ran out she left Hutchinson and went to Rice county, Kan., and obtained a position in a country school as teacher. She left there very unceremoniously and went back to Hutchinson, and soon left Kansas for pastures new.

Murry will ask for a divorce at once.

Murry and Miss Clark were married by Judge G. H. Burkhart of this judicial district, and prominent citizens of Moberly and Omaha, Neb., escorted them to the grand stand, while Martin Golden's silver cornet band played a wedding march.

They had never seen each other until the afternoon they were married, the bride elect arriving on the Wabash at 2:45 P. M., the groom meeting her at the train. They got each other's address through a Chicago paper, and for nearly a year kept up a correspondence, and finally exchanged their pictures.

WAGES OF ENGLISH FARM LABORERS.

They Present to Americans a Spectacle for Grave Consideration.

From the London Daily News.

I have had occasion to move about in the agricultural districts of Lincolnshire.

"Just look around this neighborhood," said a particularly well informed resident in the county. "Over yonder is an unoccupied farm of 500 acres; over yonder is another of 600 acres; and a little farther off is another of 500 acres, which has attached to it 400 or 500 acres elsewhere. At another village"—mentioning the name of it—"a farm of 400 or 500 acres lies vacant, another of 300 or 400, and another of 300 acres. All these are on one estate. There is another estate lying away yonder in another direction which has unoccupied farms of a total extent of about 2,100 acres and another of 600 acres," and so the speaker proceeded with a list which apparently he could have continued almost indefinitely. Not he was careful to have me understand that the land was going out of cultivation, but that farmers were giving it up, and the great landowners were themselves cultivating it.

If under such circumstances wages do not tend downward, it is partly because they stand at a point at which it is scarcely possible for men to exist at all at a lower rate, and partly because there is a continual depletion of the country into the towns. In Lincoln wages as a rule stand at twelve shillings a week.

You may hear any of number such ditties in almost any village of Lincolnshire, which I suppose is not consciously worse than other agricultural counties. House rent may perhaps be reckoned at eighteenpence a week, and we have ten and sixpence for the keep of a man and wife and family in food, firing, clothing, schooling, and rates.

Thus, with the great mass of these laboring poor, life is one prolonged agony of dread and anxiety. Their whole careers are overshadowed by the workhouse, against which they can make no provision, however careful and industrious they may be. I talked with one woman who had four children too young to earn a penny. Her husband earned two shillings (50 cents) a day. For that he had to set out at half-past 6 in the morning, walk two miles, work till 6 o'clock in the evening, and walk two miles back again.

NERVE IN RAGS.

A Tramp Who was Not at All Broken Up by Collision with a Locomotive.

From the Chicago Herald.

Scott Hopper, a tramp, was sauntering along the Northwestern track about noon yesterday, between Austin and Austin avenue station, when a passenger train came along behind him. Engineer Mike Murray blew his whistle to warn the wayfaring vagrant on the track in front of him. The train turned around, eyed the oncoming train a moment, stuffed contentmentously, and kept right along on the track. The engineer whistled again and tried to slow down, but the train was going at a twenty-mile-an-hour gait when it struck the pedestrian and hurled him clear off the right of way. As soon as the train stopped a dozen men hurried back expecting to find a corpse. Instead, Hopper was perfectly conscious and entirely unconcerned, a though blood was gushing from his right ear, which was broken in two places.

"Very in haste this tramp got off the track?" exclaimed the engineer excitedly.

"Too much trouble. Why didn't you stop?"

"Who are you?" "Scott Hopper."

"Where do you live?" "Nowhere."

"I mean where do you belong?" "On the road."

"Do you work?" "Yes."

"What at?" "Travelling."

"What do you want to be buried if you die?"

"It's nice weather, isn't it? Say, give me a chew." Mr. Hopper got his chew and a ride into Chicago, but the trainmen gave up any hope of his dying. At the station a surgeon found that he had no external injuries save the broken ear, and no signs of any internal trouble, and then he was taken to the county hospital by the East Chicago avenue patrol wagon. During the trip he collected a plug and a ball of tobacco from the officers, and they all agreed that he was the dirtiest, raggedest, and nerviest tramp that had ever seen. He is about 35 years old and claims Missouri as his birthplace.

One of Gen. Crook's Indian Stories.

From the Chicago Tribune.

F. S. Lusk, who hails from Wyoming and is stopping at the Grand Pacific, does not think much of the proposition to add a company of Indians to the United States army. He declares that the Indians can't fight. "Gen. Crook" said Mr. Lusk, "used to tell a story about an old scout and some Sioux Indians showing how the red men were outwitted.

"Gen. Crook and a party were riding along a spur of the Black Hills one day, some twenty years ago, when down on the plain they caught sight of four mounted Sioux chasing a white man who was astride a mule. After getting pretty close to the white man the foremost Indian fired a shot, at which man and mule dropped. Then the Indians pressed forward, yelling like beads.

"Suddenly redskins and ponies began to fall. By the time Gen. Crook and his party reached the plain all the red men were down, and the old scout was laughing like a lunatic.

"'That's great!' said the scout. 'To think that them crawling Sioux should be fooled by such an old trick.'

"Three dead Indians lay on the ground, the fourth was dying. The scout went over to the chap about to leave for the happy hunting ground and asked:

"'Say, red, did you ever see a white man afore?'

"'Lo's of 'em,' gasped the brave.

"'Didn't ever have hear of that old trick?'

"'Isn't the pale face wounded?' asked the dying warrior.

"'Not a bit,' replied the scout. 'Yer didn't come within a mile of me. I just gave the old mule the hunch to scream and draw his squint. Twas loss to draw yer on. Your pards are dead and you won't live long. I take like the dickens to hear a dying Injun's feelins, but it was enough to make you split your sides to see yer eyes when I began to pop. Funniest thing I ever saw.'

"The Indian raced at the old scout for a few moments, put his hands to his forehead as if in deep thought, then closed his eyes and died."

Thirsty Men Mistaken for Lynchers.

From the Raleigh (N. C.) News.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 11.—Sheriff Pulley of Person county has had a scare that he will never forget. A few nights ago, about 9 o'clock, a party of masked men rode to his room, near the jail at Roxboro, and knocked. Sheriff Pulley went to the door and opened it. In an instant the crowd rushed in, covered him with pistols and guns, and demanded his surrender. They made him admit them into the jail, where they captured a quantity of moonshine corn whiskey that had been placed there by a United States collector for safe keeping.

After getting the whiskey the crowd quietly shook hands with the Sheriff and left to look for a wagon that was captured when the whiskey was. They found it, loaded up the whiskey, and left town in perfect order. The Sheriff thought their purpose was to seize and lynch some of the prisoners, and after his fright were off was amused at the extreme earnestness of the men.

QUEER FLORIDA STEAMBOATING.

Weird Sights by Night from an Ocklawaha River Stern Wheeler.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The river is 300 miles long, and its source is at Okeehumkee, near Leesburg. Winding down with a four-mile current, the river empties into the St. John's, twenty-five miles south of Palatka. The greatest characteristic of the Ocklawaha is its crookedness, there not being a stretch in its entire length over 300 feet, while from bank to bank the widest part is not over fifty feet. The land on either side is swampy land, and there is hardly a dry spot between its source and Silver Spring, so noted for clear water, which reflects as a mirror.

We left Palatka on Monday morning on the steamer Okeehumkee, which runs between that point and Silver Springs. Our boat, which is built specially for the Ocklawaha, measures seventy feet in length by thirty in width, with stern wheel. The cabin is comfortable and roomy, admirably adapted to tourist travel. The crew is composed principally of negro deck hands, whose business it is to take a pole and shove the steamer off from the bank, should she run into it, which is very often done.

When the little steamer turns her course or the Ocklawaha, leaving the great St. Johns in the rear, one thinks that she is to run into the woods, but on nearing the mouth a creek-like stream is noticed, and she ploughs along, and is soon surrounded by trees, from which branches lap over and meet, making the scene of wild grandeur. As the little craft rounds the bends you wonder if she won't run into the woods, but a bell signal to the engineer checks its slow speed to a motion that is almost a stop, and the boat is gained, when we pass on. The exhaust from the smokestack echoes in the dim distance, through the thick forest, while an occasional wail or screech from some wild bird adds to the music so romantic, peculiar to the surroundings. Hours pass and seem but as minutes. On the forward deck the sightseers gather to "take in" everything. An occasional alligator is seen to swim just across the bow or rest upon a dry spot in the broiling sun, slumbering and fearless, for it has long been the rule on Ocklawaha boats never to allow passengers to shoot off a gun or disturb this peculiar curiosity, so famous on all Florida streams. With reluctance we give up our sightseeing position to answer the supper bell, and hurry through the meal that no strange sight will be lost.

When we again reach the deck darkness has clouded the scene, the silence becomes louder as the stillness of night grows deeper with the fleeting hours. The pilot house is on the hurricane deck. Two negroes stand at the wheel, while the Captain sits on deck smoking a cigar, with eyes front. On top the pilot house is an iron vessel, resting on iron logs that free it from the deck. In that vessel a glowing fire is kept burning all night long, with pine knots for fuel. The dusky darky who acts as fireman is noticed only occasionally by the grin on his face, which is much all the more plain by the appearance of his white teeth. One would think that a locomotive headlight would be better on these steamers. The Captain informed us that the light must shine in all directions, hence the use of a pine fire. The bends in the river are so short that a locomotive light could not be used quick enough in casting out its reflection, that the pilot might see which way to steer his boat.

A sleepless night was spent on the Ocklawaha's waters by those who had taken living for to see. The first night out there was a party of us on the upper deck. The little steamer ran so close to the river bank that the tree branches raked off our hats. The negro on the pilot house spied two canes roosting in a limb, and picking up a lightwood knot killed them both at one lick, when the birds fell at our feet.

More than once did the steamer in trying to make a short bend run into the woods, and have to be poled off by the deck hands. Whenever this was the case there was a lively scramble to see which would get into the cabin first.

One hundred miles up the Ocklawaha we came to what is known as the "Sisters," two large cypress trees grown in opposite to each other directly at the water's edge. Here we squeezed through with only about one foot on each side of the boat with which to get through.

OAKLAND'S PENDIVE JUDGE.

Further Exploits of the Magistrate Who Fined Himself for Drunkenness.

From the Oakland Tribune.

The Laidlaw jag broke loose again last night. It roared and rioted and raised a merry hullabaloo. It drilled its judicial owner down into the district which he hopes to represent in the next Legislature, and then it involved him in a discussion which ended disastrously. All of which means that Judge Alex. Laidlaw has been out with the boys again.

Last night about 11 o'clock he blew into Frank Maguire's saloon at the corner of Fourth street and Broadway, as it he had been catapulted by a drastic lift of pent volcanic fires. He was soon in trouble with a bystander. An insult passed, and a challenge was accepted.

Judge Laidlaw stripped for the fray. He carefully removed his judicial spectacles. With painstaking care he unlocked his watch. Its pause too he lifted from his pocket, in order that the bulk of one might not hamper his movements. He placed the glasses, the watch, and the coin in his coat pocket, removed the coat, and handed it to Frank P. White, an interested on-looker. Then he sailed in.

Judge Laidlaw is no slouch with his mauleys, but a man who walks up to Maguire's Opera Saloon's saloon is apt to run against a wiper. Judge Laidlaw ran against just that kind of a man. Before long he was "bleeding at every vein." The rich judicial blood dyed the shifting sands of the arena. The Judge was done up. He cried quit.

Then the man who took for his coat. The coat, oh, where was it? Ask of Frank White, who in the darksome night, was fleeing like a bird. Laidlaw at once started on the trail, leaving behind him a thin trickle of his own blue blood.

He made his way to the police station and told the story of his loss. Officers Sears and Hopkins took up the scent, and the patrol wagon. They knew White's residence, and flew out into the second ward. At the junction of San Pablo avenue and Peralta street they came upon a man who answered the description of the coat, the Laidlaw spectacles, the Laidlaw watch, the Laidlaw money, and the Laidlaw—no, not the Laidlaw jag. That is for the elect.

White was charged with grand larceny, and Judge Laidlaw went home to another attack of acute rheumatism. Who was in the police court this morning Laidlaw was not.

HYPNOTISM AND SURGERY.

A Stranger from Boston Makes It Easy for an Injured